

Umarekawari

by Smash41KMF

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Summary: It's been six months, but my dreams continue to be filled by visions of faceless, white-haired warriors battling an uncontrollable enemy. The Shisengumi, the pride of Aizu Academy, is there a connection?...Toshizou Hijikata... tell me, exactly who are you?

Umarekawari

Okay, so I noticed that there don't seem to be many stories for Hakuouki. So, I decided that I would add onto it!

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><p>Summary: After the death of her adoptive father, Chizuru Yukimura develops a strange ability, and visions of white-haired samurai begin to plague her sleep. Despite this, Chizuru moves to live with her brother in Tokyo. When she arrives, Chizuru is enrolled at Aizu Academy, a public school that hosts some of the country's most elite martial artists, the Shisengumi. However, Chizuru soon realizes that there is something strange about the members of the Shisengumi. Is it possible that they could unlock the truth behind the valiant, whited-haired warriors that haunt her dreams?

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><p>Umarekawari**

Prologue

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It's been nearly six months since the incident, but I can remember every single second, as if it had happened only yesterday:

I bit back the urge to sob as thick black smoke engulfed the air in the sitting room, violent blue flames roaring in the hall, just behind the wooden doors. Before long, the fire would have enveloped the entire house. I had to get out.

Adrenaline surged through my veins and I squinted against the clouds of smoke that burned my eyes, and dug my mouth and nose into the crook of my arm to keep myself from breathing in too much of the poisonous gases. My bare feet were aching as I sprinted throughout the house. I was on the second floor, and the only safe way out of the building was through the window of my father's private office.

It was getting harder to breathe and hot tears stung in the corners of my eyes as I threw myself around another turn and darted for the third door at the end of the hallway. When I reached it, I didn't hesitate to shove it open and run inside, slamming the door behind me. However, the sight I found stopped my heart and I fell to my knees.

Blood.

My father's blood to be exact. He was slumped motionlessly over his desk, almost as if he were asleep or had passed out again after downing one too many drinks. If it weren't for the clean cut across his throat or the scarlet liquid that stained his pale blue garb and pooled around the legs of his chair, I would've gone to him. I would've tried to wake him and help him escape. But now I was all alone.

I didn't dare approach the corpse of my father, I was far too afraid to feel the chill of his pale, bloodless skin, or the distant look of his lifeless eyes. No, I slowly backed away as the temperature in the room continued to grow heavy from the heat of the fire that ravished our home. I searched for the window that led out to the roof and found it blocked partially by the bookcase. It was obvious that the culprit has determined to make sure that my father would not be able to escape before our home burnt down.

That also made things difficult for me. Taking a deep breath, I pushed myself against the book shelf, but it didn't do so much as budge. I screamed in frustration and stormed to the opposite side of the room and began searching the shelves and the closet for something to pry the window open or at least move the bookcase.

Nothing.

There wasn't a single thing in the entire room that I could use and I could hardly breathe without the smoke burning my lungs as the fire drew closer and closer to the room. It wouldn't be long before it came and knocked down the door to the office, and when it did I would be done for.

_In a last ditch effort, I threw myself at the bookcase once more and cried out in pain as my shoulder was thrown out of its socket, before sinking to my knees and bowing over. I had failed to find a way out and I was ready to wait for the fire to finish me when I feel a whoosh of hot air hit me, followed by a thundering crash that shook

the floor boards._

I managed to crack my eyes open just enough, despite the smoke that sent me into a session of -violent coughing, and found the six-foot bookcase laying barely a foot away from me. My eyes widened painfully as the sun from outside created the slightest rays of light that cut through the suffocating smog in the room.

I felt myself smile, in lout of everything, and I couldn't help but wonder if this is what it felt like to die, to know that at that very moment, it just might be your time to die?

But I didn't want to die. There were still things that I wanted to do, places I wanted see, people I hoped to meet. I couldn't die there. I didn't want to die yet.

But my limbs felt like lead and I could barely move, so I swung my arms out and groped for the closest object within in my reach. My left hand found nothing, but my right hand fell upon something sharp and light. Ignoring the pain that shot through my hand, I gripped the object and with the last bit of my energy, I squinted at the thin ray of daylight and threw the object with the only strength I had left.

I didn't hear it fall back into the room, and I was barely conscious enough to hear it break the glass, but when the light in the room increased and the smoke began to dissipate albeit gradually, I knew that it had worked. And with that I began to drift in and out of consciousness as the distant sounds of shouts and heavy, fast-paced footfalls slowly grew closer to the room, before I closed my eyes and welcomed the darkness that swallowed me up and swept me away from reality.

The home I had grown up in was now charred and nothing but ashes and broken framework. My father, the man I had looked up to and aspired to be like since the time I was little, was now dead and the only family I had left was my brother who lived hundreds of miles away in the capital.

And here I was, all alone, all over again.

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><p>Okay, so I know it's a bit short and all, and it may seem a little rushed, but I'm pretty tired and all I really want to do is sleep. However, I wanted to get this idea written down before I forgot. Sooooo... please review! More people need to watch this show, it's really good!

~Smash41KMF

P.S. I couldn't really think of a title for this story, but 'Umarekawari' means 'Reincarnated' or 'Reincarnation'.

End
file.